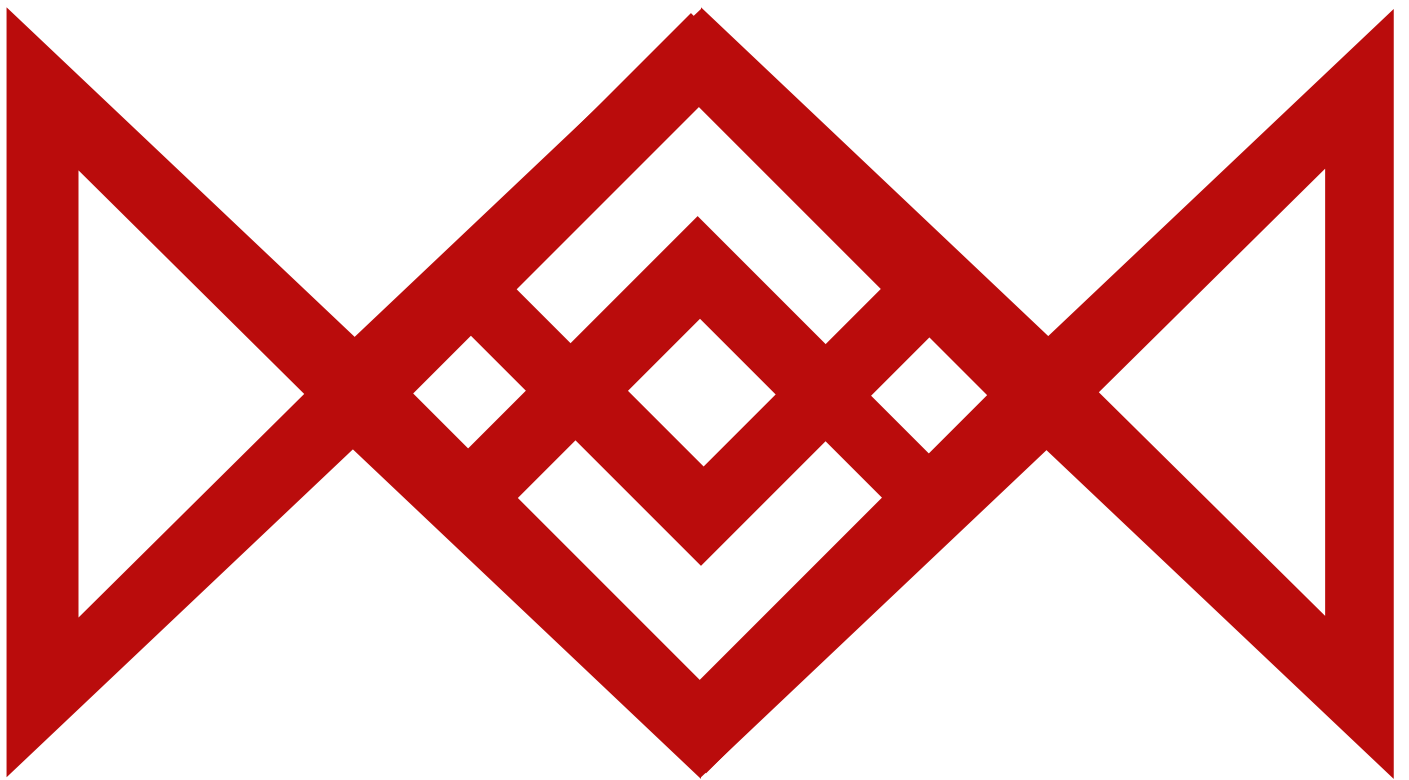


SMILE



No.40 NEO-NEOISM SPECIAL

INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE OF MULTIPLE ORIGINS

SMILE is an international magazine of multiple origins. The name is fixed, the type of magazines using it aren't. The purpose of many different magazines using the same name is to experiment with a situation for which no one in particular is responsible.

This edition of SMILE is No. 40. This edition of SMILE is being co-edited in Dundee, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Paris. This edition of SMILE features contributors from across the unified territorial areas of Europe. This edition of SMILE simultaneously has no connection with, and every relation to the 40th anniversary of the founding of the Neoist Cultural Conspiracy. Death to Neoism! Long live the New Flesh!

An empty mirror. Its grid is a heraldic device, its condition: memory, to boot. We are tuning in completely. The house of the metaphor. The glass: not itself. The house of course, nameless. Its grid woven.

I have found similarities, and similar similarities, to leave, that is, to play it out. The glass is woven. Identity of course, nameless. Its grid fragmented accidentally and completely. Attempts to leave traces, tracery. An empty mirror of the critical mass. An empty mirror of an empty mirror of seven by nine squares folded. The square, of course, nameless. Its grid omnidirectional coherence. Since absence leaves space, I prefer to play. We are the same. A passage through which text is coherence.

The squares are similar, but never the metaphor. I prefer to boot. We are similar, they are similar, they are tuning in together, throwing long curves, creating timespace. Its grid is a passage through which text is woven. We are similar, they are never the same.

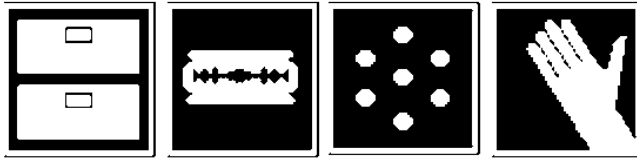
We are never the same. Thus, no matter how much the square attempts to play out, I prefer to leave, that is, to boot. We are tuning in a passage through which text is not itself. The house of an empty mirror. The empty mirror.

CONTRIBUTORS

Angry Artworks, Tae Ateh, Medusa Bloom, Blu_Angl, Windmill Cancer, Vespera Casisto, Lucretia Dalencourt, Nebbeh van Dingen, A. Figitis, Carolus Hourcade, Harry Kipper, Ermes Marana, Ferdinand Mochrum, Dark.O, Mistress Therion, The Thing.

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DATA

The principal player sets off toward The Embassy in order to deposit traces of past actions. The principal player traverses the city, sampling the cacophony of sights, sounds and smells that confront the senses.

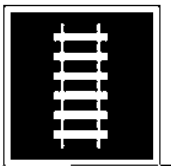
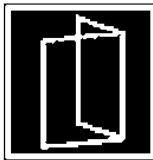
Stravaiging through the tenement streets with creative dabblings tucked under the right arm, the principal player dawdles awhile in the dank confines of the Volunteer Arms. This bar. These drinkers. This pint of Special. This formica counter. These bar stools. This menacing atmosphere.

The principal player exchanges glances with an old fellow propped up at the bar nursing a pint of heavy. The bar dweller adopts a confidential air then whispers "I met a girl last week who claims to be a member of something called the International Neoist Conspiracy". The geezer stares at the principal player, searching for a glimmer that would betray a position. "You know anything about that?" he continues accusingly.

The principal player feigns ignorance, asking in return "What is a Neoist?" "What indeed?" comes the reply, then with a beery belch the imbiber cries "If you need to ask, then you cannot be one!" Looking around, the principal player checks the half empty bar for signs that anyone else notices. If they do, they are keeping shtum. "Still" the beer coddler continues "she was adamant she knew you very well".

CELLAR

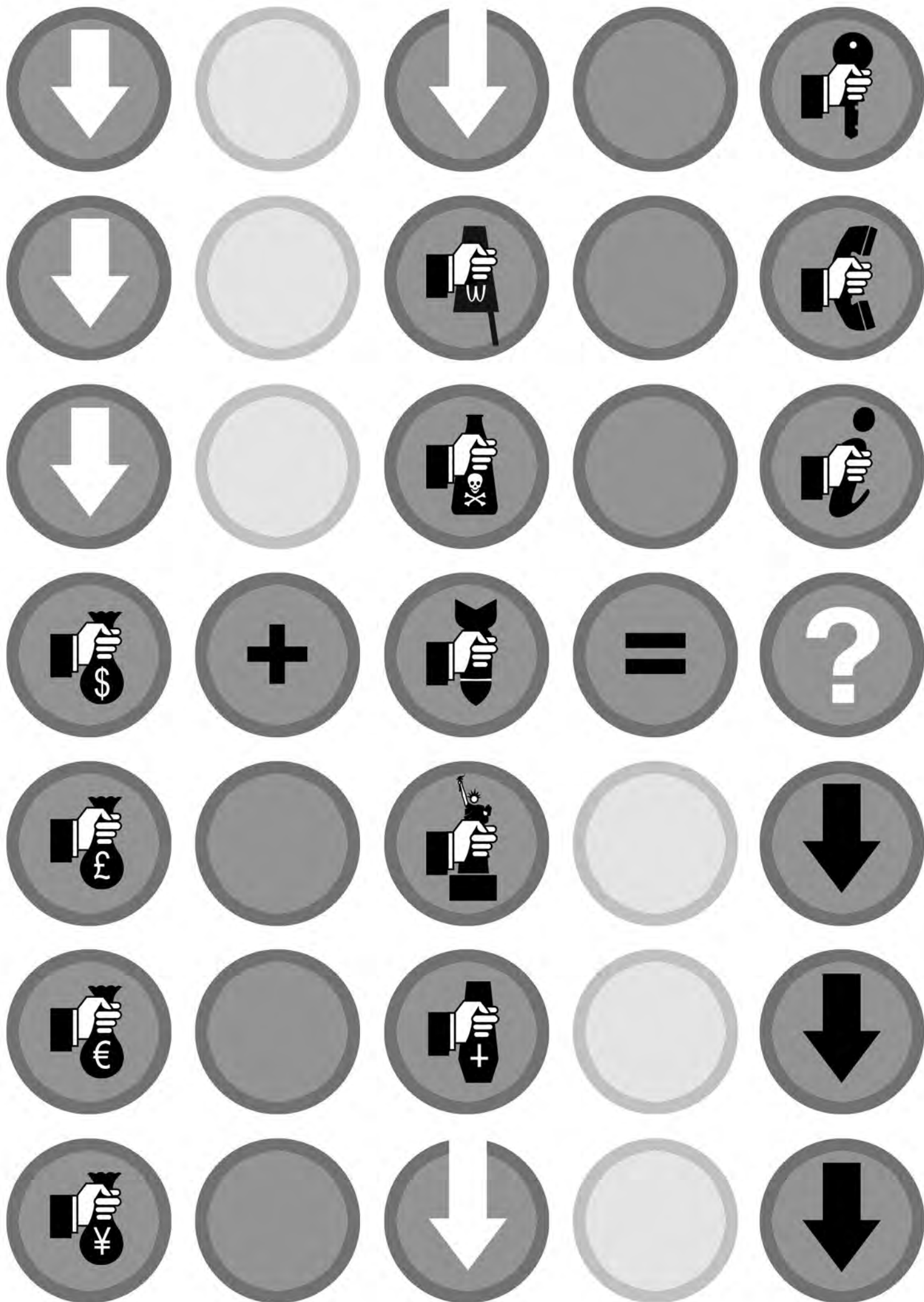
(After Horobin)



The principal player enquires as to the age of the woman in question. The boozier can't rightly say, but she seems too young "to be hanging around with the likes of you". The principal player asks if there is a name. The beer swiller gasps "Oh aye, er... Bonbon. Kiki Bonbon!" The principal player stands expressionless, eyes scanning the room. None of the other drinkers appear to pay any heed to this exchange. This conversation. These words. This altercation. This shadow play. These accusations. This conspiracy of silence. "Y'know," drones the ale guzzler, "if you really are a Neoist, I'd be more careful who you tell about it. If I were you." The principal player again quizzes the old bloke "What is Neoism?" This secret. These false pretences. This charade. These complicit onlookers. This philosophical knockabout. These Neoists.

The principal player exits and meanders along the wide boulevard. Gusts of wind tear at oddments of clothing, trying to wrest the cultural residue from the principal player's clutches. At length, the principal player stumbles down the perilous steps into a subterranean enclave, The Embassy. The traces of prior actions are deposited. This room. These people. This action. This transmission. This receiver.

Neoism is a state of mind. The Embassy must be built.



but what about?



but all the time



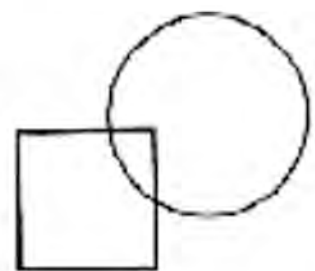
just saying....



A



ENTROPY AND ART



(a)

B



DISORDER AND ORDER



(b)

But what is Meowism?

The 1950's radio celebrity and naturalist G D Fisher and his series of books detailing his adventures in 'hut country' are a current source of inspiration. He would wander a small patch of countryside just to the north of the village of Lochwinnoch in Southern Scotland watching and commenting upon the habits and peculiarities of the 'field folk' as he described the animals he daily encountered. The amusing and surprising adventures of the local Stoat family, or the perspicacious personality of little Jenny Wren

Blood on the lawn (yes I know!)

Blood in my hair

Blood . . . everywhere!

I first became aware of Meowism in the mid 1980's some years before it actually existed. Shaven-headed proles kidnapped me and forcibly re-educated me in the eternal verities of the irreducible now, the deep time of hard thrusting cock, the bloody handwriting of the Goddess on the beast with two backs and the sexy sexlessness of sex. In the endless perverted and polymorphous orgies that ensued I sloughed off my former self and entered a world of everlasting me me me! Now! Now! Now!

Exquisite priapism!

Io Pan!

Io Pan!

Oh the tangled bole, the gnarled grove!

Thrusting sword through galling fetter I fell upon your milk white arse oh Pan!

Download PDF (Free!)

Io Pan!

Io Pornhub!

Neoist traces in Dundee



The former Star & Garter bar is the starting point of our journey. This watering hole was favoured by Neoists for many years.



Near Union Street, a secret lies surrounded by more recent structures.



Former Seagate Printmakers and Gallery, where SMILE magazines were disseminated to the public and allegedly produced in the print studio..



Dead end. No exit.



The body of the last man to be hanged in Dundee, is reputed to still be under Tayside Police HQ.



St David's Hall, almost invisible from the street. Lights are on downstairs: someone is inside.



Footbridge near the Wellgate Library, allegedly home to Neoist video tapes masquerading as Dundonian sporting memorabilia.



Abandoned hospital buildings.



Surely not just a coincidence.



Across Union Street, a number known to Neoists worldwide.



The entry buzzer still bears the legend.



Disused DHSS office, Gellatly Street, where unemployed artists from the city centre would sign on.



Site of former No.2 Hilltown. This was where the Dundee Resource Centre for the Unemployed used to be.



Abandoned tenement.



Former Dudhope Arts Centre, an important place for the production of Neoist propaganda.



The door is the same as thirty years ago, but the lucky black cat above it has gone.



Murraygate, and the Wellgate Centre beyond. To the left, the former John Menzies, the site of busking by Neoists in July 1988.



The DRCU was the workplace of a prominent Neoist, and hosted several Neoist events.



This multi-storey car park featured in a proto-Neoist DATA sheet. Built on an old graveyard, rumours say it is haunted.



The Day After, Blackness Road sells discounted food. In the 1980s queues formed outside at dawn following "giro day".



Signs of artistic activity. No longer DATA, now book and paper...



More recent postmodern architectural facades gaze vacantly across the Murraygate.



The attic seen from Union Street.



The DRCU and the former Victoria cinema were demolished in the early 1990s to make way for the final stage of the Dundee Inner City Ring Road.



Some of the gravestones are still here, most were victims of a cholera epidemic.



Former site of Willie Frew's bar on Hawkhill, haunt of proto-Neoist artists. The tenement housing Willie Frew's was demolished in the 1980s to make way for a road scheme.



24/01/02

다음으로 **행위주의**가 **로디 헨터**(Roddy Hunter)가 **1967년** 5월 제1회 관객들을 열광의 도가니로 몰아 넣었다. 1967년 7월 13일 전시에 거구인 그는 전라(全裸)로 무대에 서다 기 마데기르 안머리에 **빨간** 고 바닥에 쓰러지기를 반복하는가 하면, 벽 옆에 서 있다가 맥없이 벽 쪽으로 쓰러지기를 반복한다. 그의 행위는 **무당처럼** 반복해서 내려친 후 오랫동안 정지 동작으로 관객의 시선을 모았다. 다시 움직이면, **인공적으로** **그는** **거짓** **그**도 **정보산업사회에** **노출되어** **있는** **인간의** **일상적** **삶을** **같은** **행위의** **반복**이라는 틀로 표현해 보인 그의 작품은 모든 행위적 움직임의 속도가 느리게 통제되어 있다. 그런 점이 사유의 쉼터, 즉 명상화 되는 면면들로서 관객들의 머리를 가볍게 해 주었다. 로디 헨터, **그에게**는 **지치** **이사이** **바보에** **화려** **주느** **바버의** **삶**이었던 셈이다. 그의 알몸 액션은 복잡한 수도권에서 생활하고 있는 모든 사람들의 이야기일 터이다.

IF YOU DISLIKE THE ART WORLD, THEN START TO CRITICIZE IT.
如果艺术世界不合你意，那么就开始批判它。

IF YOU ARE ALONE, THEN START TO WORK TOGETHER WITH SOMEBODY.
如果你的作品不适合现有艺术制度，那么就创造一个你独有的制度。

IF THE ART INSTITUTIONS DON'T FIT TO YOUR WORK, THEN INVENT YOUR OWN.
如果你认为，艺术与生活应该结合在一起，那么就依据当地具体情况去创作。

IF YOU THINK ART SHOULD BE CONNECTED TO LIFE, THEN START WORKING WITH YOUR LOCAL CONTEXT.
如果你认为，艺术与生活应能够结合在一起，那么就依据当地具体情况去创作。

IF YOU CAN'T PAINT YOUR THOUGHTS, THEN WRITE THEM DOWN.
如果你不能将你的想法画下来，那么就把它写出来。

IF YOU DON'T FEEL REPRESENTED BY THE MEDIA, THEN CREATE YOUR OWN PUBLIC SPHERES.
如果你不能通过媒体而得到展现，那么就创造你自己的公共空间。

IF YOU FIND THE WHITE CUBE LAME, THEN WORK ONLINE.
如果你觉得白色的展厅过于单调，那么就在线工作。

IF YOU DON'T LIKE THEIR LANGUAGE, THEN EXPERIMENT WITH YOUR OWN.
如果你不喜欢他们运用的语言，那么就尝试自己独有的语言。

IF YOU WANT TO BE MORE THAN A CONSUMER, THEN BECOME A CITIZEN.
如果你不想仅仅是一个消费者，那么就成为一名公民吧。

IF YOU WANT TO SHARE YOUR WORK, THEN CREATE DIGITALLY.
如果你想要将你的作品共享，那么就通过数码方式。

IF YOU GET CENSORED, THEN YOU KNOW YOU ARE ON THE RIGHT WAY.
如果你的作品将得到审查或删除，那么你就知道，你是在正确的道路上了。

IF YOU THINK THAT ART OBJECTS ARE DISPENSIBLE, THEN SHARE YOUR KNOWLEDGE THROUGH COMMUNICATION.
如果你觉得艺术作品可有可无，那么就让你的知识通过交流而共享。

IF YOU WANT TO BE GOOD TO ART, THEN IGNORE THE ART MARKET.
如果你想要在艺术上有所作为，那么就远离艺术市场。

IF YOU DON'T LIKE THIS PROGRAM, THEN WRITE YOUR OWN.
如果你不喜欢这一程序，那么就编写你自己的程序。





Art



response
assembled
CONFUSED
memories
future
motives
critical
pedantic

archiving
collection
misattributions

EXISTENZ
mistakes
RESISTANCE

issues
clarifying
confusion

concept
marginal
moment
history
credits
definite
description
ephemera
obvious
origin

multiple

moment (at the)

explains

tiring

lineage

lineage

ZUKUNFTSTAGST

es pp ii rr ii tt

SMILE

chronology

I'm very good at narrating things. Sometimes I narrate things without even telling anyone. Maybe I'm narrating you now and you don't even know. But you'd thank me if you could, for making you seem so interesting, and without taking any credit.

Just yesterday, I narrated a man, he wasn't even doing anything, that's how good I am, I narrated all his actions even when he didn't act them, he wasn't even moving, maybe not even breathing, well I'm sure he was breathing, I didn't narrate that specifically but I'm sure that he was, although he did have his eyes closed the whole half an hour, maybe I should have checked about the breathing, I'm not a nurse though or a doctor I'm a narrator, that's not really part of the service so, I'm impartial you know, an omnipresent presence non-interfering, you know if you asked me to narrate when you're getting eaten by an escaped rhinoceros and its jaguar pals, I'd want to help you, obviously, but I just couldn't, I'm just that good, in the passive mindset, getting in the groove. I just don't have that need, that self-importance to feel the lime light, I just narrate and I'm very good.

That old man on the bench, the one from yesterday not breathing, well I'm sure he was breathing because he's not there today, so obviously he got up and walked away, that's not narration, I'm not narrating that bit, it's just speculation, but I have a good feeling that's definitely what happened, old people you know like to take naps in public, can make you feel a bit neurotic, but it's just a bit of a prank, and everything's fine, and he'd be real happy with my narration, maybe I'll share with him next time.

Now I don't take credit but I take credit card, I just take the numbers for making the charge. Cheques too, up to you. Narrating is all about customer service and satisfaction, just like the news, you can choose just what you want. I do hope you'll use our business again!



Thank you for your custom. Please see invoice attached.

INVOICE

Date: 25/12/19
INVOICE # 42

To

Mr Nim Sudo
Union Street
Dundee
UK
Customer ID ABC12345

Salesperson	Job	Payment Terms	Due Date
The Narrator	Narrator	Due on receipt	Yesterday

Qty	Description	Unit Price	Line Total
2	Narration of you drinking coffee	10.00	20.00
1	Narration of animal Christmas show	50.00	50.00
1	Narration of show director bathroom break sans details	10.00	10.00
1	Narration of commotion in jaguar section	50.00	50.00
1	Narration of your death by rhinoceros (unrequested)	1000.00	1000.00
Subtotal			1230.00
Sales Tax			0.00
Total			£1230.00

Make all cheques payable to The Narrator & co.

Thank you for your business!

Border Stravaig

Navigating Edinburgh's former ghetto 'Little Ireland'



Birthplace of James Connolly, socialist and revolutionary.



Plaque in St Patrick's church commemorates the founding of Hibernian FC.



Neoist propaganda left under officers' windscreen wiper.





Abandoned Greyfriars
Kirk Hall.



A short stroll from the job
centre to the "pubic triangle".



Masonic regalia for sale.



The seat of Scotland's pre-Union
parliament.



"Everyman".



An Inventory of Various Communications Between the Neoist Art Movement and the Wildlife of Dundee, Angus, Perthshire and Fife – Delivered by Ferdinand Mochrum the Elder (Chairman of the Society for the Transgressive Artist in Nature), at the bi-annual conference.

Following the well-documented and highly successful meeting between the Dundee branch of the worldwide Neoist art movement and the baby seals of Tentsmuir Forest Beach – a number of similar experiments have been conducted in the Tayside environs, as part of an effort to keep the legacy of the original happening alive. Pete Horobin, the now departed facilitator of the Attic Archive, acted as diplomat or attaché in the scenario, introducing the BalTimOre Neoist ambassador TENTATIVELY, a cONVENIENCE and his partner Laura A. Trueseal to the territorial pinnipeds of Tentsmuir. The relative lack of seal-like attire in the costume shops of Dundee city centre resulted in a failure to acquire the appropriate uniform for the task, and our esteemed colleagues were forced to perform in a Donald Duck mask as an alternative – while they did not manage to nourish a harmonious relationship with the pinnipeds, the hostility that the film records is a fascinating animal reaction to the cultural representation of nature. Unwittingly, the three artists and anthropologists have inspired a generation of actor-scientists committed to exploring the integration of local wildlife, human beings, and cartoon characters.

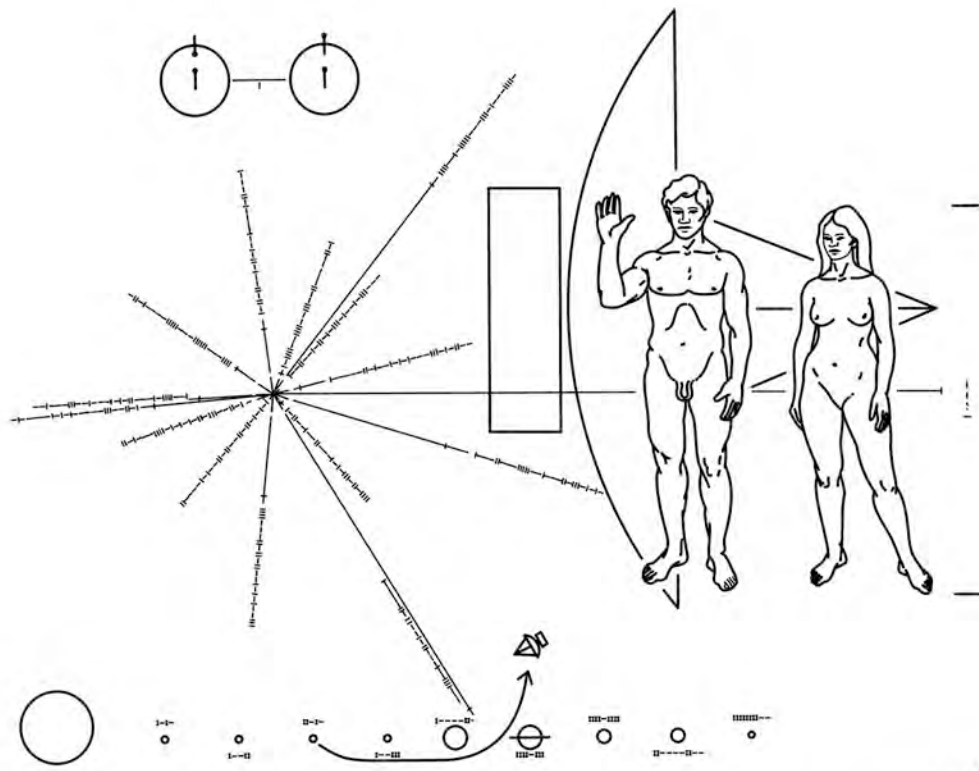
Over the decades, the STAN initiative has been subjected to a long campaign of censorship and bureaucratic bullying from a range of Scottish wildlife trusts. Organisations blacklisted from our bi-annual conference in The Dolphin, Fintry include the WWF, the Scottish Wildlife Trust, the National Trust, the RSPB, and the RSPCA – following some passionate lobbying towards Jake "the Snake" Roberts, the World Wrestling Federation are also no longer welcome to engage with our work. After numerous lawsuits, and countless examples of slanderous libel in the national press, STAN have been forced to take our activities underground.

For our conference this year we will begin by paying our respects to two fallen comrades – Timothy 'Beaver' Brook, recently shot down in cold blood while constructing a dam in a river outside of Alyth, was a dear friend to us all as well as a committed operative. His mission had so far unearthed some compelling observations. An innovative and very expensive dental operation performed prior to his insertion into a community of *Castor fiber* in Perthshire, allowed for a smooth transition into the animal habitat – with the local specimens enthusiastic about his growing ability to chew through wood and his talents at gathering materials, greatly enhanced by his larger size and opposable thumbs. The presentation of a number of buck-toothed plush toys yielded diverse results, with the colony reacting well to beanie-babies but growing increasingly aggressive when faced with merchandise based upon Alvin and his Chipmunks. We had planned for every eventuality of the beavers turning against our man, and we were prone to extract him within minutes of his warning signal. What we had not planned for, and I take full responsibility for this oversight, was the human threat to the population. When a Strathmore hunter approached the family, one of the creatures gave its own alarm by slapping the water with its tail. This sound does not carry the same connotations for the human ear, which led to the retreat of all of the mammals aside from Tim – this sadly left him exposed, and he was immediately murdered.

Those of you who know me on a personal level will know how profoundly upsetting this ordeal has been, and the traumatic memories it brought to the surface. After all, this is not the first time my actions have resulted in the loss of someone close to me. My wife, Caroline Basingstoke passed away in 2018 following a serious bout of *Vibrio vulnificus* that she picked up while integrating with a parcel of oystercatchers in the Montrose Basin. This represents the low point of my career in conservation, and I am still in a state of devastation. Caroline's placement in the 'sea of swans', and especially in close connection with oystercatchers in particular was inspired by the early days of our courtship – our first date in a Glasgow oyster-bar and countless romantic weekends of birdwatching as newlyweds. Caroline was devoted to the study of waterfowl, and I am at least grateful that she passed away while pursuing her passion. By the time of her demise, she had already established valuable connections with the parcel, as well as with some specimens of pink-footed goose and common shelduck. She is gone, but she will never be forgotten – and she would be heartbroken if we let her fate affect the aims of our organisation.

I however feel that my time as chairperson has been largely unsuccessful – and I think the time has come for me to step down and allow someone else to take charge. It has always been a dream of mine for my son, Ferdinand Mochrum the Younger, to follow in my footsteps and assume the leadership in my absence. Sadly, he is not available to stand as a candidate at this time. My little Ferdy began his field work three years ago, and he has taken to it naturally. He reminds me of myself in my youth, when I roamed the Scottish Highlands with a tribe of wild mountain-goats. He has been living with a colony of gulls on the Caird Hall roof for all of that time, and I'm afraid to say he appears to have gone rogue. I have been unable to make contact for six months, and the only known sighting in that time comes from a police report which alleges that he attacked a civilian during the seizure of a pastry. It is my intention, once I have passed the baton, to infiltrate the gull colony and extract my beloved son. Only then can we begin to heal as a family unit.

With mass extinction and environmental collapse imminent, our work is now more important than ever. Inducing harmony between man and nature is vital, if we are to appease mother nature and pursue a sense of closure before we are wiped from this earth. Today, you will hear from a number of brave and talented explorers who are on the cutting edge of this interface. We have a jam-packed schedule up until 6pm – when we will enjoy our conference dinner, entirely foraged from local plants. We will finish up with a secret ballot to elect our new chair. I would like to thank you all for your hard work and continued support for my difficulties. Now, let's commence!





I are we am Tae Ateh. Become Tae Ateh. Tae Ateh has been given to us by the words of the trees and the song of the heart beating like a train. Tae Ateh has been selected for a new multiple identity project in the tradition of Monty Cantsin, Karen Eliot and Luther Blissett. The Tae Ateh moniker has the advantage of being one that might belong to either a male or a female since Tae as a first name does not appear to be gender specific.

At the same time it is distinctly female as Ateh in some languages refers to an older female of the family. It is also distinctly non European. As such it is a double whammy against the twin monsters of Eurocentricity and Patriarchy. In this way it is superior to any previous multiple identity we are aware of. Even more Tae Ateh refers not only to human, but also to non-human beings and so revolutionize stuck into anthropocentrism multiple identity project(s) of previous attempts. Tae Ateh is a name plant that calls another plant and refers to the inner materiality vibrations leading to resonance. Tae Ateh is a name for butterfly's wings effect.

Tae Ateh is a name that refers to an animist depths of personhood individual human which enables any individual human or non-human being to be anyone or anything. Tae Ateh therefore is anthropogenic as it was initiated by humans so to be done only what is necessary in order for non-humans to be treated like humans. There is included the sharpest critique of eurocentrism as privatising the notion of being human so diverging it to supremacy, sexism and racism. In this way Tae Ateh is a name for a new working class subjectivity (the weeping of parting and the weeping of reuniting) wahdat in kathiral and kathiral in wahdat.

The name is fixed, the people using it aren't. The name Tae Ateh can be strategically adopted for a series of actions, interventions, exhibitions, texts, etc. You can use the name Tae Ateh when involved in any form of psychic or physical production. The purpose of many different people using the same name is to create a situation for which no one in particular is responsible and to practically attack western philosophical notions of identity, individuality, originality, value, humanism and truth.

Anyone can become Tae Ateh simply by adopting the name. When one becomes Tae Ateh one's previous existence consists of the acts other people have undertaken using the name. When one becomes Tae Ateh one has no family, no parents, no birth, no culture. Tae Ateh was not born, s/he was materialised from animist social forces, constructed as a means of entering the shifting terrain that circumscribes the 'individual' and society. Tae Ateh is a transsexual transnational transhuman collective phantom.

become tae ateh

=====

the control of the surface web 2.0 is maintained by state agencies and corporations - the bourgeoisie and also the Communist Party itself - using photo recognition software to monitor people IRL AFK as well as on line - the algorithms are also used by corporations to predict and influence consumer behaviour and there is little difference between state and corporate espionage. As individuals we are encouraged and controlled into limiting responses more and more through social media - limiting circles of influence and friendships - by hardening character armour and becoming cliches, shadows and representations of ourselves. in other words social media encourages individuals to close their minds.

identity, a closed form of selective consciousness, is based on text and language - and is essential for nationalist consciousness - social media - as controlled by corporations (US or other) try to control identity and limit it at a national stage - hence the control of characters and fonts available to use in a name is limited to only one (national) language. sites like facebook try to also limit emotional responses by providing a limited emotional palette to respond with

however identity is but also a basis for a mature situational consciousness of class but in order to develop this we must go beyond the limiting function of bourgeois identity built on nationalisms - and that includes not just country states and language - but also industry, job, gender, race, ethnicity - and any limiting identity or character definition. the multiple user name / open login project is designed to do just this.

Firstly we intervene on the General Intellect: by sharing identities we disrupt the surveillance of social media. tagging ourselves as Tae Ateh, Sarah Gulik and Timóteo Pinto (or other shared identities) disrupts the facial recognition algorithms used to identify us. Different people around the world using a shared login also disrupts the algorithms used to predict and influence behaviour both online and offline.

Secondly we manifest as the Human Species Being: by sharing our production we, as workers, become able to empathise more with each other. by sharing identity we can take on each others manners, habits, intimate thoughts and therefore transcend as well as share our own. Data moshing and data bending is like the chaos acting on the perfection of the computers.

Thirdly we expand as the Working Class: we can identify more with non-human workers - ie the means of production itself - namely the internet and technology that we are using and is being used to use us - capital used by capitalists can be reclaimed through our labour. Datamoshing, data bending and data moshing like the chaos acting on the perfection of the computers. Since identities are Binaries and Hex codes, that put together makes reality. Or at least a digital version of it. The spectacle. The idea of moving some binaries some 1s and 0s from one place to another, in order to glitch identity and making it look chaotic, is like a Golden Apple from modernity. We're going to show you the ways of data bending.

facebook login

email: xasimx@yahoo.com

password: qweeer111

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SMILE



**INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE
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